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Puck

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A SUFFICIENT REASON.

MISS DOLAN.—Oi 'm a-goin' to lave me place!

MISS O'TOOLE.—Don't yer loike th' choild?

MISS DOLAN.—Yis; but he's thot afeared av a policeman thot Oi can't get him near wan!



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Editor - - - - H. C. Burner.

Wednesday, January 10th, 1894.—No. 879.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

ON THE SIN OF A COUPLE OF weeks ago the daily papers printed SENSATIONALISM. A

A COUPLE OF weeks ago the daily papers printed a cable dispatch, of which the following is a part:

"London, Dec. 28. A deputation of unemployed workmen waited upon Mr. Gladstone to-day and asked that the Government provide work for the unemployed by building light railroads in London. Mr. Gladstone in reply to the request said that the want of employment was not peculiar to London or any part of Great Britain. The Government sympathized with the men and their families in their distress, but it would be difficult for the Government to engage in work that was beyond its usual powers."

On the same day the St. James's Gazette of London reported that the wine-growers in the south of France were offering sound wine at a penny (two cents) a quart. Now it happens that England last Summer suffered from a drought more severe than she had known in twenty years, which badly injured her crops; and that the Summer in France was a favorable one for the vineyards. Here we have examples of two different forms of financial stress — one caused by under-production and the other by over-production. That is, it is to one or the other of these causes that these troubles will be attributed in the popular mind. And yet we doubt that either had anything whatever to do in the matter. England has so long ago adjusted her financial conditions to her limited capacity for supplying her own people, that she can replace the loss of half or three-quarters of her crop without raising prices in the world's markets. The American farmers and dealers who last Fall held hay and grain and hops for a rise, have had opportunities to discover this fact. As for France, she has for years been importing California wine and sending it back again, to retail in the American market under a French label. It would take several years of over-supply to enable her to meet the demands that under normal conditions should be made upon her vineyards.

The truth probably is, that in both France and England certain predictions have been verified that were made last Summer by many of the best edited and least read journals in those two countries, and in Germany as well. Their trouble comes to them from this side of the Atlantic; and here and there it is due to the same causes. A German economist summed up the probabilities tersely, in saying that Europe was likely to suffer from the effects of the Silver Bill agitation in America — not in the least because of any unhealthiness in the European financial situation (as far as silver was concerned), but simply because the talk about the depreciation of silver would be certain to frighten the people.

That man was right. The people who cause panics by the tightening of their purse-strings are not the millionaires, the great and famous business men, or the inheritors of vast estates. They are the people of moderate means, the small investors, the farmers, the shop-keepers, the clerks, the hard-working professional men; the people whose incomes range from a thousand dollars a year to ten times that sum. Individually they cut no figure in the great money-market. Each one handles but a few hundred or a few thousand dollars. But for number, there are a hundred of them to any one business-man whose name appears in the public prints as a man of influence in commerce or finance. When one hundred of these people, each having a thousand dollars to invest, make up their minds to keep their money in their pockets until better times are reported, the big investor must put out an extra hundred thousand dollars on his own account, if he wants to preserve the balance of the money-market. And it is precisely these people, who, having no personal or immediate knowledge of the affairs of what we in New York call Wall Street, what the Londoner means when he talks about Mark Lane and Threadneedle Street, and what to Parisians is the "Bourse," are most sensitive and fearful about the investment of their savings. They can afford to be over-cautious; for the loss of a few months interest is not a serious matter to them compared with the safety of their capital. But if the man who has a few hundred dollars lying idle in the Savings Bank is in no bad case to-day, the same can not be said of the man who has to rely on his day's labor for his day's bread. And if these poor folk are suffering to-day, they have to blame, not the timid investor, but the newspapers that have frightened him with sensational accounts of a financial stringency which each one has referred to a different cause. There are no big crops, no small crops, no politics, no pestilence, that can do so much harm to Business as the sensationalism of a press that cares more for its circulation than for its conscience.

COUNSEL.

IF HAVE I counseled with myself
And urged, "Be blithe and bonny;
You have no name, you have no fame,
You have but little money:
Yet had you name and shining fame
And pocketfuls of money,
All as you leste, the very best
Were to be blithe and bonny.

"Some men of years less ripe than yours
Are well beloved of Honor;
No heartening glance at you she throws,—
Ah, do not dote upon her!
The clouds float white, the sun shines bright,
Your eyes are clear as any;
The rose is nodding on the bush,
Go you, be blithe and bonny!

"These blue-arched skies and sailing clouds
With fresh sea-winds a-blown,
Made young the olden days of Greece
When mightier fame was growing.
Then genius wrought — its marbles shine,
Its pages still are glowing:
Yet happy who nor wrote nor carved,
But saw the roses blowing."

Williston Fish.

PRACTICAL PROHIBITION.

"I see the 'Drys' got only three votes in Simpkinsville. I thought you told me the Prohibition sentiment was very strong there?"

"It is, under normal conditions; but in this campaign the saloon-keepers threatened to close their places if the town went dry."

PROXIME ACCESSIT.

"Dumley always aspired to be a Napoleon of Finance."
"Did he come anywhere near the mark?"
"Yes; he spent his last days on the Island."

'T WOULD BE BETTER.

The popular song that's "out of sight,"
Would certainly be more cheering
If things were so it only might
Be also out of hearing.

W. L. W.



MRS. FINIS.—I'm as sick as I can be, just from eating these peanuts.

FINIS.—Well, why don't you stop eating them?

MRS. FINIS (in amazement).—Stop? Why, I have more than half a bag left yet!



FROM ONE WHO KNEW HIM.

LIGE HAYS (*reviewing a recent loss to the community*).—Yas; Deacon Skinner was purty close, purty close; one of the richest men in the State; and yet I've heard that he searched back two miles fer a nickel he dropped out of his hand.

GABE BARNES.—T ain't so!

UNCLE SI LOW.—Wal, I b'leve it.

GABE BARNES.—Oh, I know he'd search fer it; but (*with emphasis*) if Deacon Skinner ever got *his* fingers around a nickel, it was never drapped!

VALE!



ULL, SULLEN, sighing in the sodden grasses,
The flying wrack is blown across the plain,
Where o'er the dank, cimmerian crevasses
The night bird's cry is like a soul's in pain.

Drear desolation on the turbid river—
A haunting horror brooding over all,
The wailing wind has set the reeds a-shiver
By the black pool where wraith-like shadows fall.

And here this "pome" might just as well be ended—

I've no idea—have you—of what it means?

But that don't matter since it is intended

For one of our great modern magazines.

E. D. Pierson.

THE CRITICS HUMBLED.

MANAGER.—The critics say that in the play "A Wronged Wife," you do not exhibit enough emotion when your husband leaves you, never to return.

POPULAR ACTRESS.—Oh, I don't, don't I? Well, I've had two or three husbands leave me, never to return, and I guess I know as much about how to act under those circumstances as anybody.

SHE HIT ONE.

MR. BINKS (*after an absence*).—And so you shot a burglar while here and unprotected. You are a brave little woman. What became of him?

MRS. BINKS.—The other burglar carried him off.

MR. BINKS.—Which other burglar?

MRS. BINKS.—The one I aimed at.

BE MODEST; don't forget that many things which you regard as events are looked upon as mere incidents by other people.



AN UNAPPRECIATED HYMN.

BROWN.—Did the christening of the twins go off all right?

MR. POPPEIGH.—Yes; but I didn't like the hymn the choir sang.

BROWN.—What did they sing?

MR. POPPEIGH.—"Still there's more to follow."



LOVED HIS FAMILY.

MRS. DOLAN.—Ye towed me ye was only goin' to take wan drink.

DOLAN.—Yis; but Oi found out th' price was fifteen cints, or two fur a quarter. It's not me wud let slip a chance to save foive cints fur you and the childers!

THE PEDAGOGUE'S DILEMMA.



RARE OLD pedagogue is he
In a suburban town,
Who, for the University,
The pupil does up brouyn.

He has all sorts of bric-à-brac
And many sculptured lambs,
And many things he does n't lack,
From etchings unto hams.

And if he 's not a blooming fool,
He 'll hoard these things galore,
And pretty soon shut up the school
And start a general store.

R. K. M.

And yet the teacher 's more than sad,
Although considered gay—
No sweet smile makes his features glad
Throughout the sunny day.

He 's sad because his patrons great
His bills do e'er evade,
And make him wait, and wait and wait,
Or take it out in trade.

And if he 's not a blooming fool,
He 'll hoard these things galore,
And pretty soon shut up the school
And start a general store.

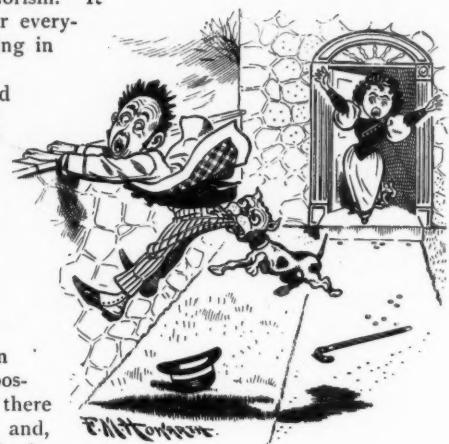
A COLONIAL TALE.

IN A PLAINLY furnished apartment in the city of Philadelphia, some years before the American Revolution, sat Benjamin Franklin. A table, covered with papers, was before him; but his thoughts did not seem to be upon them. He was, in fact, looking out of a window, with the air of a man who is paid by the day, rather than of a philosopher or a statesman. Suddenly, however, he exclaimed, "Ah! that is the aphorism I thought of the other day, and could n't recollect since. I'll just jot it down for Poor Richard's Almanac."

But a difficulty presented itself. He could not find his pen. It was not on the table, and it had not fallen to the floor. He made a careful but fruitless search through the room. Then he tried the table again, though he reasoned, with that force of intellect for which he was distinguished, that if it was on the table he should have found it there the first time he looked. At last he happened to pause before a mirror, and saw the pen resting comfortably on his right ear. His observations concerning this incident were more commonplace than might have been expected from a man of his originality; but they seemed to relieve his mind. He sat down and wrote the aphorism. It was: "A place for everything and everything in its place."

He had just finished the sentence, when it occurred to him that there was another thought which he had neglected to put in black - and - white. He had intended, at various times since the idea first crossed his mind, to make a memorandum of it; yet, three weeks had elapsed and it had not been started on its journey to posterity. But he resolved that there should be no further delay; and, dipping his pen in the ink, he wrote: "Never put off till tomorrow what you can do to-day."

W. M.



"KEEPING HER COMPANY."

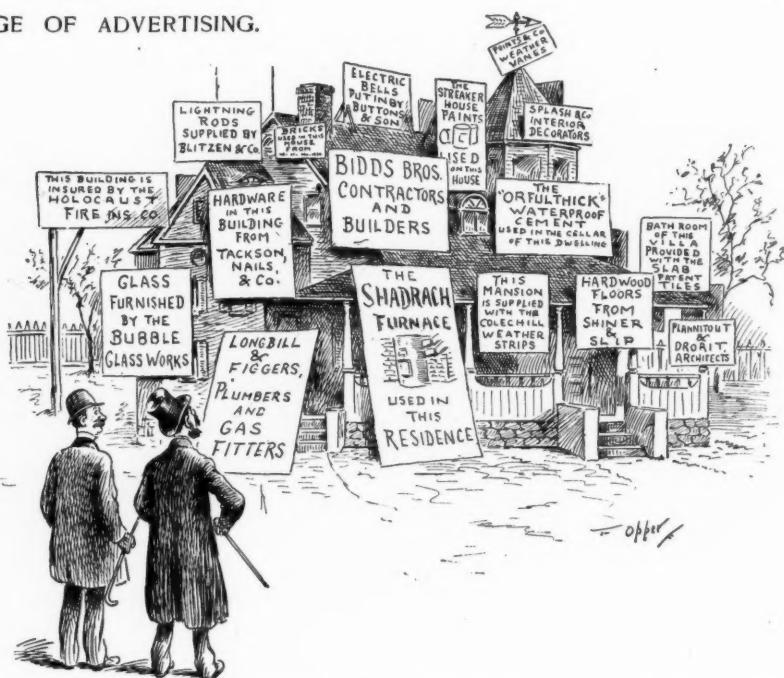
THE MAN who is able to fight his own battles in the world is not always able to stand a victory.

THERE IS reason in all things; but there does n't seem to be in all people.

THE AGE OF ADVERTISING.



MR. VINECLAD COTT.—Hello, Towne! Come out to Pansydale with me and see my new house. I have n't been there for six weeks, myself. I've got some regular hustlers building it, and it must be finished by this time.



It was finished, and the regular hustlers had taken measures to let the public know who did it.

HIS HEART WAS TRUE.

JIM WAS a long, lank mountaineer Kentuckian, who owned a creek farm, fairly well stocked, and he was not a bad catch, as those things go in the mountains, but he had no wife.

"How is it, Jim," I said to him, one day, "that you don't marry?" He grinned guilelessly.

"Well, Colonel," he said slowly, "you know 'Mandy Collins, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, I axed her three months ago, an' she would n't have me."

"Why did n't you try somebody else?"

"I did, Colonel. A fine gal down the crick. I sot right up to her, like a sick kitten to a hot brick, for a whole week, when one day 'long came 'Mandy, an' I axed her ag'in."

"What did she say?"

"She would n't have me."

"Try another," I said, encouragingly.

"I did, Colonel. 'Nother fine gal across the mountain. I sot up to her three weeks han'-runnin', an' one night, when I was 'most ready to pop, I seen 'Mandy at spellin'-school, an' axed her ag'in."

"What did she say that time?"

"Perty much the same thing."

"Why did n't you let her alone, then, and devote yourself to one you could get?" I asked, half provoked at his persistence.

"You bet I did, Colonel! I went right after old man Hankins's gal, Mary; an' Mary seemed mighty willin' an' obligin', till one mornin' I seen 'Mandy comin' down the road, an' I up an' axed her ag'in."

"What did she say?" I asked.

"Would n't have me no more 'n 't other times;" and his face fell.

"As I said before, Jim," I very emphatically remarked, "why in thunder don't you try another girl?"

"That's what I'm doin' now, Colonel," he responded, with more spirit than he had previously shown. "Fer a month an' upards, I've put 'Mandy clean outen my mind, an' I'm shinin' up to Hester Jones seven nights a week; an' ther' ain't no use talkin', Colonel, Hester likes it!"

"That's right, old fellow!" I exclaimed, slapping him on the shoulder; "keep at it, and you'll get her, sure."

"Who, Colonel?" he asked, with a hopeful little smile; "Mandy?" After that I gave Jim up as beyond reclamation.

Will. J. Lampton.



A FRIGHTFUL DISCOVERY.

THE BEARDED LADY.—Gracious heavens!

THE FLESHY LADY.—What is it, dear?

THE BEARDED LADY.—I've just found two gray hairs in my whiskers!



RECONCILIATION.

DEACON HARDSIDER (*who thinks he is greeting a neighbor with whom he has lately quarreled*). — Zhat's all right! Don't shay a word; don't shay a word. We'll be friends again from zhish on!

AN ACT.

If any woman, being from inland, shall go down upon the coast, as for the purpose of a visit, and shall take and convey back with her to inland one dozen fine oyster shells, and shall thereafter buy canned oysters, and serve them in said shells, presenting the combination of shells and canned oysters as and for oysters on the half-shell, then the said woman shall be held guilty of operating a shell-game.

W. F.

A COUNTER FAD.

PRIMUS.—We hear much about the absurdities of fashion; but most fashions have some basis in reason.

SECUNDUS (*sarcastically*).—What, may I ask, is the philosophy of carrying our canes upside down?

PRIMUS.—That's easy. It's to break dudes of the habit of sucking them.



"A BRILLIANT WEDDING."

SPECIALLY FOR THE OCCASION.

PRIMUS.—I have been asked for an original poem to be recited by a home elocutionist at our church fair.

SECUNDUS.—Have you written it?

PRIMUS.—No; but I've selected the theme.

SECUNDUS.—What is it?

PRIMUS.—"The Creed of the Dumb Bells."

A MAN'S WORTH and what a man's worth, are, it frequently happens, widely different things.

CLARISSA.—I owe you an apology, dearest.

FRED.—Don't speak of it. I wish to remain a preferred creditor.

A HELPFUL HINT.



POSTMISTRESS (*to Mr. FRONTROW, who is trying to separate stamps*). — Did you ever try rubbing the gummy side of postage stamps on your hair, to prevent them from sticking together?



MR. FRONTROW. — No; I never thought of that. I'll try it, sometime. Good-day!

THE EVOLUTION OF POESY.



HE HAD read his poems in tender twilight hours, in the warm afterglow of Summer sunsets, in the languorous haze of moonlit nights of Spring. She had felt, in her deepest soul, a response to the mysterious chords struck by his subtle genius. Every fibre of her being had thrilled to the touch of his inspiration. She admired him as only a woman can admire a poet. So it happened that one day when she went to a great office building downtown to see her lawyers, and her eye fell upon her poet's name on a door in one of the long corridors, her heart gave a sudden leap in her breast.

She did not think it strange to see his name in that public place along with those of lawyers, brokers, and business men of all sorts. She was too inexperienced in the ways of men to notice the incongruity. She felt only a shock of rapturous yet half-frightened delight at realizing that he had a material existence; that he was to be seen and to be spoken to. For the desire to speak to him flashed instantly into her mind. She did not pause to reason about it, or to consider the unconventionality of the act: she had worshiped him so long that the desire to tell him of her pure and gentle adoration was impulsive — almost instinctive. Before she knew it, she had turned the handle of the door and had entered the room.

In the sudden flood of blushing confusion which overwhelmed her, she hardly knew what she saw or what she said. Her own voice sounded strange to her as she faltered:

"Can I see Mr. Reimschneider — Mr. Reimschneider, the poet?"

There were three occupants of the room. One was an energetic, active-looking young gentleman, very well dressed, and a little inclined to stoutness, who advanced and replied with a brisk, abrupt politeness:

"I am Mr. Reimschneider the poet, Madam; what can I do for you?"

"I — I —" she stammered nervously.

The other two people in Mr. Reimschneider's room were a young lady seated at a typewriter, and a young man who sat behind a desk on which was a tall stack of letters. The young man held a large account book on his knee.



A CHANGE OF BASE.

FOOTSORE FAGIN. — I told you a moment ago, Madam, to give me something to eat; but I'll be satisfied, now, if you give it to the dog.

Mr. Reimschneider waited a moment for his fair young visitor to speak; but, as she still hesitated, he said politely:

"Excuse me one moment, Madam." Then he turned to the young lady at the typewriter: "That is the third sonnet, Miss Bell? No? The fourth? Thank you. Put in the large paper after that, please — I think it's a lyric next on the list, is n't it?" Then he turned to the young man. He held a slip of paper in his hand, and he referred to it as he spoke. "Three for the *Century*, was it, Mr. Penn, and four for *Scribner's*, and PUCK only wants three out of that bunch of forty-five epigrams? We must try to work that lot off on some Boston paper. Well, enter them all up, and then write that circular letter I told you about yesterday, and send it to all the magazines in list C. Tell them so that they can't make any mistake about it, that on and after the first of May the price of lyrics goes up ten per cent., and idylls twenty-five per cent., and that there will be no more discounts for cash. Tell me when you're ready for the lyric, Miss Bell," he concluded, as he turned back to his worshiper.

Still too dazed to take clear cognizance of her surroundings, the blushing and excited girl poured forth such words of ardent admiration as her trembling voice could command. She told him how his genius had brightened for her life's sad dream — she told him all that an enthusiastic young girl can tell to the poet of her youthful choice.

She might have said more; but Mr. Reimschneider, after regarding her for a few moments in startled astonishment, interrupted her.

"Excuse me, Madam," he said; "but you will allow me to remind you that it is entirely against the rules of this office to allow any interruption during business hours? I am very much gratified, of course, that you like my goods, for I always try to give satisfaction, but I can't stop to talk about it now."

Then, observing her look of pain, he said in a kindly tone:

"If you really admire my work five dollars' worth, I can give you just fifteen minutes in which to tell me so. But that is exactly what my time is worth, and I must ask you to decide promptly. You don't care to? Very well, Madam; good morning; the elevator is two turns to the right. Now, Miss Bell; are you ready? Lyric No. 227, Series B, 'A Shattered Soul.'"

And the door shut with the poet on one side of it and the worshiper on the other. Do not be too sorry for her: she has married a prosperous broker since, has two babies, and is much more up-to-date in many respects herself.

EDUCATIONAL.



THE URCHIN from the pantry shelf
Now confiscates the cookey,
And builds bonfires on vacant lots
To warm him playing hookey.

Eftsoon his parent warms him, too;
The teacher plays his part
Next morn; these little things combine
To make the scholar smart.

R. L. M.

A GOOD BEGINNING.

EULALIE.— And how are you getting on with your society novel, dear?

BEATRICE.— Oh, Eulalie, I've made a splendid beginning! I know it will be a good story.

EULALIE.— Do let me read the first chapter.

BEATRICE.— I would, only, you see, I have n't actually written anything yet. But I got hold of an upholsterer's catalogue yesterday.

MAY NOT BE ENOUGH FOR BOTH.

FIRST LAWYER.— What do you think of the inheritance tax?

SECOND LAWYER.— Well, there's one thing I want to know. In case of a disputed will, does the Government expect to come in before the lawyers?

A GREAT ACCOMPLISHMENT.

HECKER.— That's a very intelligent-looking office-boy of yours.

DECKER.— He is.

HECKER.— Does he learn easily?

DECKER.— Remarkably so. I have just taught him not to whistle "After the Ball."

A SPECULATION POINTER.

Most any goose, as the facts appear,—
A golden egg can get;—
But it takes a first-class financier
To make it hatch, you bet!



A GREAT MANY THAT WAY.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER.— Willy, in this cold, hard Winter, when you have plenty to eat and wear, do you ever think of the poor children that are in want?

WILLY.— Yes, indeed!

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER (*pleased*).— That's a good boy, Willy! How do you think of them?

WILLY.— Why, when I think of 'em, I'm glad I'm not them!

A CAMPAIGN OF MORAL IDEAS.

"Great excitement in Brownsborough, you say?"

"Yes. Wet and dry contest."

"Each side trying to get votes, eh?"

"Yes. The preachers walk the streets at night, singing 'We Won't Go Home Till Morning,' and the saloon-keepers have given twenty thousand dollars to foreign missions."

A PARADOX OF THE SEASON.

Oh, when we're feeling feverish, hot,

Why is it we are told —

"Your hand is burning so — Great Scott!

You've caught a dreadful cold!"



ABSOLUTION, ONLY.

JACK.— I have a confession to make, and you shall be my priest.

I — I love you.

JESS.— I forgive you freely; but — but priests don't marry, you know!

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

AMERICAN PATRIOT (*in Ireland*).— Oi'm collectin' fonds to help along the cause av Home Rule in Noo York.

IRISH PATRIOT.— Phwut's the matter there?

AMERICAN PATRIOT.— Sure, Tammany is in a bad way, and unliess we kin carry th'nixt elicion, the Oirish in Ameriky will be as down-trodden as they are here.

THE HARLEM STOKER.

The man who tends the furnace,
Now goes from door to door;
A quarter a day is the price we pay,
But the coal dealer gives him more.

R. L. M.



LIKED HER CUSTOM.

FAIR SHOPPER.— I fear you will think me very tiresome.

CLERK.— I like to wait on you, Madam. My throat is so sore to-day that it hurts me to call "Cash!"

A MATTER OF DOUBT.

BANK EXAMINER.— Do you consider your safe is burglar-proof?

BANK PRESIDENT.— Not altogether so. Our cashier knows the combination.



RELIEF

PUCK.



J. Ottmann Lith. Co. PUCK Building N.Y.

ELIEF AT HAND.



TAKING THINGS EASY.

MISSIONARY.—My dear brother, I hope you endure the restraints that are placed upon you here in a manner imbued with both meekness and repentence.

LIGHT-FINGERED MIKE.—Oh, yes! I allers takes t'ings as dey comes.

HAYSEED PHILOSOPHY.

HEADIN' A SUBSCRIPTION paper is a very excusable sort o' egotism.



IT'S O' MORE consequence for a man to be handy with the baby than good at leadin' a prayer meetin'.

THE MAN that parsters his cow in the highway, natchully does n't care ef the grass does grow in the streets.

A PAIR O' well-worn overalls is a better testimonial to a hired man's industry than a note from his minister

THE TAX collector hez some reason for thinkin' himself a big man. He hez a record for punctual'ty that's hard to beat.

IT AIN'T so wicked for the village clergyman to play a game o' croquet as it used to be; but most o' his neighbors think it pretty small business when they ketch him at it in good hay weather.

Uncle Zeke.

ANOTHER WAY.

BOBBY.—Pop, what has giraffes got such long necks for?

FOND PARENT.—God gave them their long necks so that they could reach the leaves of the palm, which only grow at the top of the tree. That is the only way they can get at them.

BOBBY (after a pause).—Could n't He have made the leaves grow lower down?

THE TEACHERS TALK.

PÉDAGOGUE EXPERIENCE.—There! I've taught that fellow a lesson!

FATHER TIME.—H'm; wait till after I examine him!

SOME MEN are the architects of their own fortunes; others only carry the hod to theirs.

IGNORANCE DOES N'T hurt us half as much as a cock-sure knowledge of things we don't know.

AUNT.—Child, you certainly don't call yourself dressed with your shoulders all bare like that?

NIECE.—Of course not, Auntie! Gowned.

AS THE NAME IMPLIES.

WHEELER.—How's your new Bohemian Club getting along?

WILSON.—Splendid! Our president is Mercer, the dry-goods prince. We have three bank directors on our house committee, and we've raised the initiation fee to two hundred dollars.

AMERICAN NOTES.

The son of Albion stood gazing at the group of men in front of the "Bon Ton Temple of Bacchus" with deep interest. Excitement was running high at Red Dog. It was the day of election, and a reform ticket was in the field.

"Alkali Ike, ain't yer goin' ter vote fer Hank Bitters and moral methods?" cried a red-bearded enthusiast.

"The hull ticket 'll be beat," replied the party addressed; "I'll be hanged ef I do!"

And then the intelligent British tourist drew out his tablet and wrote—"Note: In America, after an election, the friends of the defeated candidate are taken out and lynched."



TO START THE BALL ROLLING.

TOM.—How can you hope to marry a girl to whom you have not yet been introduced?

JACK.—I'm going to have a story printed that we are soon to be married, and then go around to the newspapers and deny it.

HE WAS NOT INTERESTED.

WIFE.—What are you reading?

HUSBAND.—A book of "Don'ts, for Married People."

"What does it say husbands are to avoid?"

"Have n't noticed. I am reading the 'Dont's,' for Wives."

AN EXCEPTION.

The books of the absconding
Bookkeeper who hovers
Round Canada or Europe
Are judged not by their covers.



A GROWING IMPROVEMENT.

FOSTER.—Old Popleigh dresses much better than he used to.

FELTON.—Yes; his boys are now large enough for him to wear their cast-off clothes.

ONE WOMAN ON CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.



"ES, I WENT to one o' those meetin's. A customer o' mine had been coaxin' me for months, an' finally I went along over with her, an' I'll tell you what I seen. A mess o' old wimmin settin' around in silent prayer, a-tryin' to draw nearer to God.

"There ain't no question but what it was soothin'. Any sort o' silence is soothin' to a woman all worked out like I be. But all their questions an' what they was tryin' to get at did n't mean no more to me than if it was Greek or Injun, or some sort o' them languages. So I jest set there, not tryin' to take it all in, like they did, but easy-like an' comfortable, an' I slipped off into a doze before I knew it.

"I should say it was the good part of an hour 'fore I woke up, what with me bein' beat out an' the room that warm an' still you could n't help nappin' — an' sure as you live, there them wimmin was still at it, and I suspicioned I wa' n't the only one that had been snoozin' off. *I say*, I wa' n't the *only* one.

"The woman I went with was a terrible strong believer. She says to me, 'Miss Smith, it's done you good a'ready; you look that fresh an' rested, an' you've got a peaceful look you hain't wore for many a day.'



RANK HERESY.

MRS. JACKSON.—I doan' see yer at chu'ch no mo', Uncle Silas. How comes dat?

UNCLE SILAS.—Dat ere new Pahson done sot me agin him, a-sayin' anermals ain't got no souls. How dey gon a git chickens inter hebbin, den, I'd like ter know!

I did n't want to hurt her feelin's, her bein' a good customer an' prompt pay — so I says, 'Yes, I'm glad I come,' says I; an' I was.

"But as for ther tryin' to make out that this here world is heaven, an' there ain't no bad, nor no sin, nor no pain here, really, you can't make me believe that at one settin'.

"We've got bodies. *I say* we've got bodies; an' them bodies ache an' get tired an' wore out; an' we've got to feed 'em an' clothe 'em an' keep 'em clean, an' ther's no more use tryin' to pertend we ain't got 'em than there is in me a-tryin' to believe I'm Queen Victory — not a bit.

"An' as for gettin' near to God, seems like my mother ust to get



THE LUXURY OF LEISURE.

HUNGRY HIGGINS.—Say, Weary!

WEARY WATKINS.—Wot is it?

HUNGRY HIGGINS.—A bloke orter be mighty thankful he don't have to earn his livin' drivin' a street-car no sich night as this.

nearer to God, settin' in her little wooden rocker with a baby on her knee an' singin' them old hymn tunes, than any of these here wimmin done by roostin' around in a hired hall an' tryin' to think thoughts too deep for them or anybody else on this earth.

"I ain't be'n to any o' their meetin's sense; but they said if I could n't get down, I could be with 'em absently, or some such stuff, by settin' alone in my closet an' thinkin' jest one thought, and that there thought good, for all good is God! Them's their very words; an' if you can sense 'em, you can do better 'n I can! *I say*, if you can get anything sensible or comfortin' out o' them there words, you'll do better 'n what I can.

"Of course, bein' unmarried, I ain't got no babies o' my own, but I've been thinkin' that when work slacks up, I'll go in an' borrow that poor little deformed baby nex' door an' keep him with me, to give his Ma a chance to run out an' get a bit o' fresh air.

"An' mebby some o' them old hymn tunes that Mother sung 'll come back to me. An' if I can make his poor little crooked body that ain't really crooked, only we think it is, easy for a few hours; an' if I can fill up his poor little stummick, that ain't really empty, only he thinks it is, an' can make him laugh an' crow an' look into my face like he does in his Ma's, I believe that 'll bring me about as near my Maker as I deserve to be. *I say*, I believe that 'll be drawin' as near to God as *I deserve*."

M. M. M.



CELTIC INGENUITY.

MRS. DOOLEY.—Yis, Mrs. Brady; it's a foine arrangemint! Timmy can have th' plishure av seein' me make th' poies, an' it kapess him out av mischief at the same time.

When an Artist writes a "testimonial" for a Piano, he probably means what he says; the instrument may "please" him or his fancy. But does he know that the instrument really is what he thinks it is?

When an honest manufacturer who knows every detail about a Piano, after every honest effort to make it so, concludes that his is the **BEST**, he will be believed. The best Piano is the

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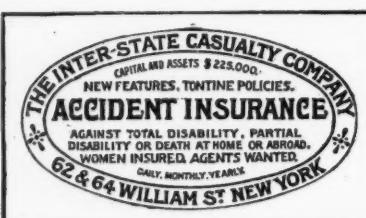


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Get **WILLIAMS'**—if you want the best piece of Shaving Soap made for travelers' use. (See cut.)

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Try it for Rough Hands—Heals—Softens—Beautifies.



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The Club Cocktails

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MARTINI,
WHISKY,
HOLLAND GIN,
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VERMOUTH.



We guarantee these Cocktails to be made of absolutely pure and well matured liquors, and the mixing equal to the best cocktails served over any bar in the world; being compounded in accurate proportions, they will always be found of uniform quality, and, blending thoroughly, are superior to those mixed as wanted.

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The Runaway Made in Browns. France.

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A CONVERSATION AT SECOND HAND.

"You're a hard case," grumbled the watch to its envelope.
"May be," was the cool response; "but I'm outside yet, and you're doing time."

AN ANIMATED BUST — The Spree that brings out Snakes and Rats.

We never know what we can't do until we have to do it, but don't.

GIVE some men rope enough and they will start a junk shop.—*Texas Siftings*.

Wine of the Aristocracy.
Theophile Roederer & Co.'s celebrated Red Label Champagne, extra dry and Brut, Maison fondée en 1864, preferred by connoisseurs for thirty years. T. W. Stemmer & Co., Union Square, New York, Sole Agents.

WOMAN nowadays seems to think that her "sphere" is this whole round earth. —*Truth*.

BLOCH, BRO'S. ANTI-NERVOUS WEST VIRGINIA DYSPEPTIC MAIL NICOTINE POUCH TOBACCO NEUTRALIZED CHEWING AND SMOKING



A WRONG FIGURE.

WALKING WALTER.—Madam, will you please give a poor sick mortal something to get home with? I'm clean discouraged.

MRS. RYESTRAW.—Yes; I can tell you're discouraged; but, Land's sakes, you ain't clean!

"VIN MARIANI" nourishes, strengthens, sustains and refreshes; is very palatable, and may be borne by the most enfeebled stomach; never produces constipation; but, on the contrary, aids digestion and assimilation, removing fatigue and improving the appetite.

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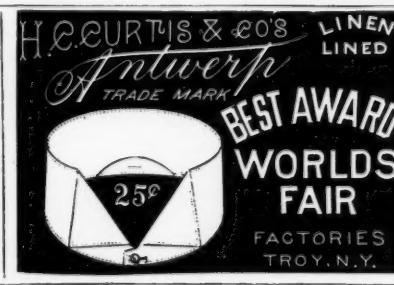
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It may save you a great deal of trouble in cooking. Try it. We refer to the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, regarded by most housekeepers as absolutely essential in culinary uses, and unsurpassed in coffee. All Grocers and Druggists sell the Eagle Brand.

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A KENTUCKIAN lost his life by a fall while sprinkling ashes on his slippery sidewalk. That's what a man gets for usurping his wife's duties.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

SOGGY pie is mentioned as one of the causes of dyspepsia. One of the causes of soggy pie is young married women.—*Texas Siftings*.



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- BREAKFAST COCOA,
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For Body and Brain.

SINCE 30 YEARS ALL EMINENT PHYSICIANS RECOMMEND

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The original French Coca Wine; most popularly used tonic-stimulant in Hospitals, Public and Religious Institutions everywhere.

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Strengthens entire system; most Agreeable, Effective and Lasting Renovator of the Vital Forces.

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KIND LADY. — I have a book at home on "Self Help" which I think you —

BEGGAR. — No use. I peddled it for two weeks, and didn't make a dollar. — *New York Weekly*.

**THE AVERAGE
ECLIPSE.**

TEACHER. — What can you tell me about eclipses?

BRIGHT BOY. — They is generally somewhere else.

— *Street & Smith's Good News*.

WHEN some men fall in love, they expect every one else to tumble to it, too. — *Yonkers Statesman*.

THERE are some people who mistake indigestion for religion. — *Ram's Horn*.

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Face
Spots

Face
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are NOT prepared that way, as our numerous visitors know. Beware of Brands offered to you as "just as good and cheaper than Franco-American".

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Palatable, Pure, Refreshing and Stimulating . . .

can be made in three minutes, thus: take a cup of boiling hot water, stir in a quarter teaspoon (not more) of Liebig Company's Extract of Beef,

Then add an egg — and some sherry if liked — season carefully. . . .

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If you are thinking of buying or trading for a

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No award has ever been made so gratifying to St. Louis people and so justly merited as the one given today by the Columbian jury of the World's Fair, consisting of connoisseurs and chemists of the highest rank, to the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association. By methods of unrivaled business enterprise, and by using the best material produced in America and Europe, excluding corn and other adulterants or surrogates, the different kinds of the Anheuser-Busch beer have become the favorites with the American people, and have now conquered the highest award in every particular, which had to be considered by the Columbian jury. The high character of the award given to-day by the jurors will be better understood when it is known that the different beers exhibited by the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association had to compete with hundreds of the most excellent displays of other brewers. The fact that no other concern has received so many points for the various essential qualities of good beer confirms anew the firm's reputation as the leader of all American beers.

WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO, ILL., October 26.

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hurrying
people,
stop,

STOP

your
glittering
Quarters,
drop, and

DROP

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PICKINGS
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WIFE.—How do you like the cake?
HUSBAND.—Um—what's it called?

"Sunshine cake."
"Very nice; but, if I were you, I'd not try it on such a cloudy day, next time."—*New York Weekly*.

THERE are two ways of looking at these old adages; for instance, ought a true hero to require a valet? —*Truth*.

ALTHOUGH the relations between France and Germany are strained they don't seem to be very clear. —*Texas Siftings*.

Mothers give Angostura Bitters to their children to stop colic and looseness of the bowels. Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons, sole manufacturers. At all druggists.

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of pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites is prescribed by leading physicians everywhere for ailments that are causing rapid loss of flesh and vital strength.

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Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

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MRS. GUMPPS.—What do you think of this? Prof. Scraper says women make better violinists than men. MRS. GUMPPS.—Of course! They can't make so much noise. —*New York Weekly*.

No man can serve two masters, and yet we all know people who are trying to serve a dozen.—*Ram's Horn*.

IT takes a "bull" to elevate the stock market, but a mouse can make dress goods go up. —*Texas Siftings*.

For all forms of disordered stomach use Bromo-Seltzer.

A palatable, prompt cure.

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The most Effective Skin Purifying and Beautifying Soap in the World. The Purest, Sweetest and Most Refreshing for Toilet Bath and Nursery.

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I have submitted A. Werner & Co.'s Extra Dry to a chemical analysis, and find it free from any impurities whatever. I therefore cordially recommend it as a pure and healthy American wine.

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IN FROM THE COUNTRY.

MRS. WINTERWHEAT.—What's the matter with the horse-car, Jube, that it don't come along?

MR. WINTERWHEAT (of Hush Center, Kansas).—Hush, Maria, er the folks 'll hear ye. It tain't a horse ker, but one of them there cables. She 'll be here direckly now, fer, b' gosh! I've jest dropped a nickel in the slot.

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Schiffmann's Asthma Cure never fails to give instant relief in the worst cases; insures comfortable sleep; effects CURES where others fail. A trial convinced the most skeptical. Price 50c. and \$1.00, of Druggists, or by mail. Sample Free for stamp.

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HUMILITY never wears as well as an overcoat.—*Ram's Horn*.

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A HORSE comes dashing down the street, At the busy time of day; 'T is a woman's hand that guides the beast; So runs the world away.

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*The Variety of Our
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is sufficiently diverse
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*The stock com-
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Modene Removes hair from the face, neck, arm, or any part of the person, without pain or injury to the skin.

"You See it as I saw it!"
SAYS THE
PHOTORET
A SNAP SHOT AND TIME EXPOSURE
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Draw Your Watch and Take a "Shot."
Can be reloaded in open daylight.

A POCKET WONDER!
Photoret, nickel plated, with Magic magazine and films
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A CHILD CAN OPERATE IT.
THE HOLIDAY PRESENT OF 1894.

MAGIC INTRODUCTION CO., 321 Broadway, N. Y.
Photos free if you mention this publication.

MOLLY. — Don't you wish you was a little boy?

LUCY. — No; I is glad I is n't.

"Why?"

"Cause Mama says I is bad, an' I know it I was a boy I'd be badder."

— Texas Siftings.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

TOO MUCH OF A
GOOD THING.

"What became of that student lamp you had?"

"Oh, it got to being too natural, and I gave it away!"

"Too natural?"

"Yes — smoked all the time." — Truth.



THE NEW SCHOOL OF FICTION.

GLADYS. — This new book, "Muriel's Martyrdom," is tiresome, like all the rest.
CHOLLY SAPPINGTON. — Mawry in the lawst chaptaw and live happy evaw

I suppose?

GLADYS. — Oh, no! In this they marry in the first chapter and live unhappily ever after.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhea. 25 cents a bottle.

FOR MAGIC LANTERNS, STEREOPTICONS,
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CUT THIS OUT and send it to us with your name and address and we will send you this watch by express for examination. A guarantee for 5 years and chain and charm sent with it. You examine it and if you think it a bargain pay our sample price, \$175.00 and for 5 years, it is beautifully engraved and warranted the best time-keeper in the world for the money and equal in appearance to a genuine solid gold watch. Write to-day, this offer will not appear again.

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— AND —
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OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

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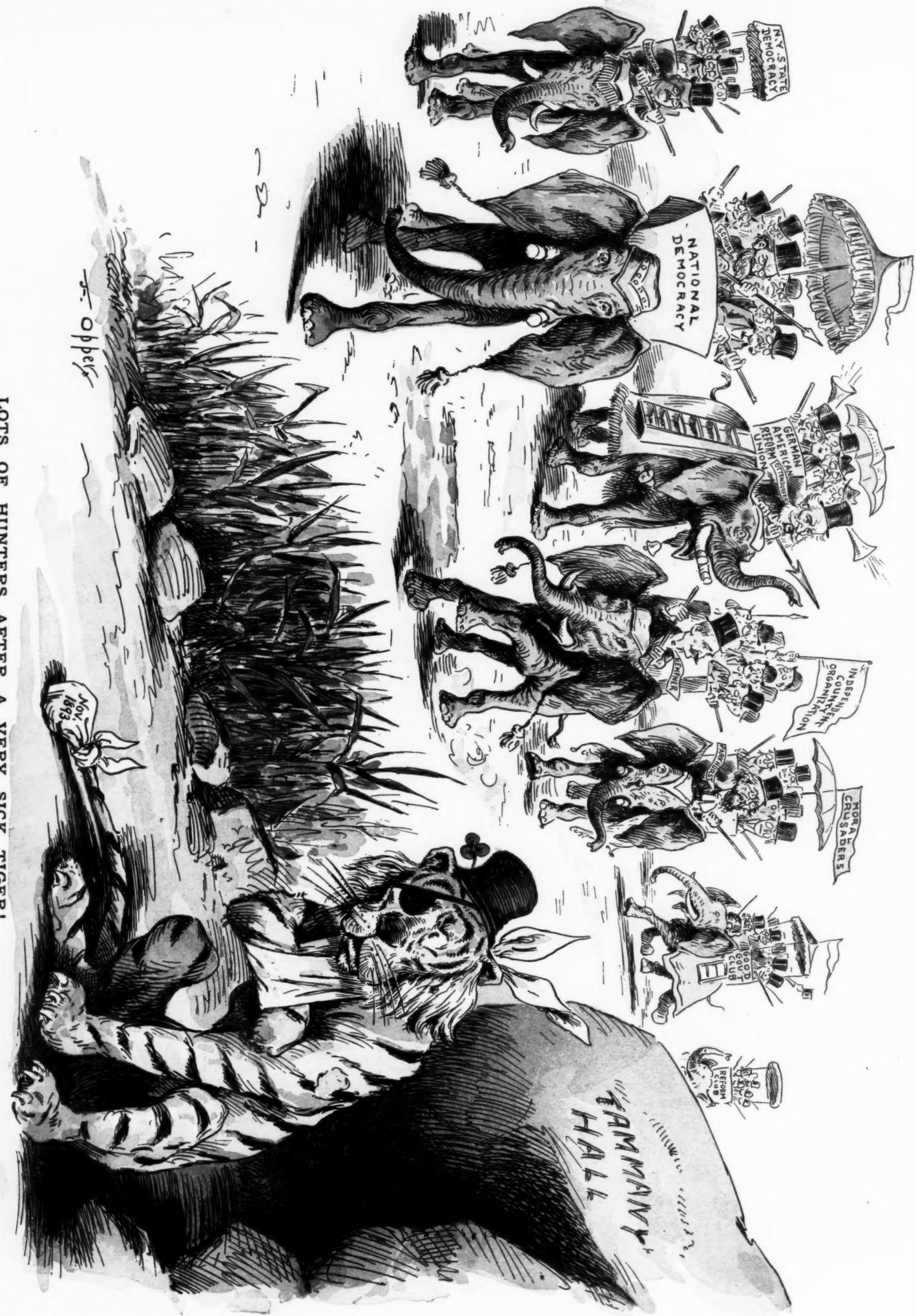
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